

Why are you two so god damned cute I'm trying to be mad by Yowowwhatstrangethings

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Summary:

So this is just the first of who knows how many one shots of people finding our favorite couple asleep.

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Hopper was a simple man.

He liked to wake up in the mornings, have a cup of coffee, maybe even eat a donut if Flo wasn't hovering around.

Finding a boy in his daughter's bed wasn't anywhere on that list.

He liked to see himself as understanding. He understood that there was no way to keep that Wheeler kid away from his El now that he knew she was alive and living with him. And, to be quite honest, he didn't want to. Both of them had been through enough heartache. He didn't want to be the cause of more.

But there were still rules.

First and foremost: No boys in her room. Period.

That being said, he thought he was being fair. He didn't put any restrictions on Wheeler, having told him he was allowed to visit whenever he pleased, so long as he gave him warning beforehand. He had a radio just for such an occasion.

Staying the night, however was not part of the deal. He had made that very clear on day one.

So when he woke up on a cloudy Wednesday morning and poured himself a mug of coffee, he expected El to come out of her room like she always did when she heard him stirring. She had always been a light sleeper, but ever since the whole mind flayer ordeal, she couldn't sleep a wink if the house wasn't absolutely quiet. She normally rose shortly after him, and they'd eat breakfast together before he headed off to work.

He furrowed his brow, before deciding that it was worth it to invade her privacy to make sure she was alright. Her safety was his number

one concern, always.

He felt like his head was going to explode when he opened up her door.

Because right there, lying in his daughter's bed, was Mike Wheeler.

That boy was so dead.

He was about to start yelling when he realized something. After all this noise he had made, El hadn't even flinched. That girl would wake up if a bird chirped too close to the window any other night. But right now, she slept steadily, her breathing even and her face relaxed. She had her head on the boy's chest and her arm wrapped around his waist. He didn't think he had ever seen her sleep so soundly in the two years he had known her. It gave him pause.

Not a long pause. But still, a pause.

He clapped his hands together sharp and fast.

"Alright kids that's enough of whatever that is, up you go, Wheeler." Hopper said loudly.

Wheeler jumped up so fast that Hopper thought he'd break something. El jolted awake, her head flying up with a drowsy expression, having lost her pillow.

Wheeler stumbled across the floor, trying to gain his balance as Hopper crossed the room and grabbed onto the back of his sweater before unceremoniously dragging him through the cabin. He could hear El protesting behind him while he opened up the door and gave Wheeler a small shove to push him out. Wheeler stumbled, but, to the Chief's surprise, didn't fall.

"Bye, Wheeler. Have a good ride home." Hop slammed the door and leaned against it as El tried to push past him.

El looked up at him angrily, "That wasn't nice."

"Well neither was his blatant disregard for one of the few rules I have in this house." He countered.

He watched as her jaw clenched and her eyebrows furrowed in frustration. She opened her mouth to speak again, only to be interrupted by the banging on the door.

Hop raised his eyebrows in surprise. He couldn't believe the guts this kid had.

When he opened the door again, the kid looked embarrassed.

"Hi, sir. This is a little bit awkward but, uh, I think I left my shoes in El's room." He said, fidgeting with the hem of his sweater while Hopper stared him down.

Hopper chuckled in amusement before marching to El's room to get the boy his shoes. When he got back to the door, he was greeted with the sight of El kissing her boy while saying goodbye. Hop would not admit how cute it was. Well, not out loud, at least. No one needed to know what he was thinking.

Hop grabbed El's elbow and pulled her towards him, "Alright, that's enough, you've spent plenty of time together. Now, go home, Wheeler before I change my mind." He tossed the kid his shoes, and slammed the door once again as Mike tried to catch both of them.

El crossed her arms and tilted her head, "That was not a nice thing to do, Hop."

"Oh, you'll get over it."

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